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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

The Spirit of Walt Whitman

Dedicated to Carl Sandburg

THE spirit of Walt Whitman walks the earth today. By shattered fortresses of steel and crumpled palaces of marble he stands. His slouch hat in his hand, and his lion mane and hair blown by the fresh winds from the west, he salutes, over the glorious wreckage, the dawn of the New Day.

The spirit of Walt Whitman walks the earth today. Standing upon the fast-closed tombs of the kings, he looks to the east, where the morning reveals new tints and strange splendors. Out of the dawn a dream comes, a vision of peoples marching under a new banner, a banner from which the blood-red of strife and the blatant blue of patriotism have been washed by five years of human agony; a banner white as the light of the midday sun, the banner of Democracy.

The spirit of Walt Whitman walks the earth today.

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1919 Number 11

SONNET.

I sing the soldiers of the coming wars,
The wars of God and man, of common weal
And individual glory. Not with steel
Nor for destruction, pass their shining corps
Where all our modern tumult sweats and roars;
But girt with faith, love, prayer—how e'er they feel
The iron in their own souls—to save and heal,
And Christ leads on, who all to God restores!

These be thy heroes, O my Country! They
Shall wear henceforth thy laurel and thy bay!
Thou shalt not give again the crown of thorns
To Him who is thy Savior, nor the ray
And aureole of glory that adorns
His brow to them that pillage and that slay!

—*Jessie Wiseman Gibbs.*

The great coal strike has come, with all its menace of misery and death. How are we torn betwixt our recognition of the essential justice of the miners' demands for a proper hearing in the determination of wages, hours of labor, and other human concerns of their industry; and our equal recognition of the essential injustice of the miners' action in taking advantage of a socially strategic position to force an entire people to attention and submission! But, most of all, how are we dumbfounded anew at the spectacle of a nation which has no machinery to deal with such a situation as this but armies, injunctions and criminal law! Our economic life is still a jungle, in which there is no other weapon on either side but force. In this field, in other words, exactly as in the international field, we are still savages; and our savagery, in the one case as in the other, seems to doom us to battle to the death. What we need is statesmanship, sustained by far vision and wide sympathy, which shall create a structure of social life in which conflicting interests are knit together to common ends of welfare and happiness. But such statesmanship is rarer even than in those dread days before the French Revolution, which at least gave us a Necker and a Turgot. Alas, for a civilization which knows no motive but selfishness, and has no policy but violence!

We publish in our department, "The Field," this week, a letter of Prince Kropotkin on the Russian situation, which we beg to commend to the careful attention of our readers. The Prince, it will be remembered, was strongly pro-war during the long period of hostilities against Germany; and is now opposed to the Bolshevist regime, whose "methods," he believes, are "making success (of the revolution) absolutely impossible by paralyzing the constructive work of the people." These opinions, however, do not blind Kropotkin to the real facts of the present situation, especially as regards the Allied policy of intervention. His letter shows exactly what this policy means. On the one hand, it is uniting the Russian people, Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist alike, in support of the Soviet government as the one bulwark against reaction. The triumph of Kolchak and Denikine, he says, would bring "the return of the monarchy . . . and floods of blood"—hence the steadfast opposition of the great mass of Russians to these self-styled movements of liberation! Forced to choose between Allied interventionists and Lenine, Kropotkin is only one among millions of his fellow-countrymen, of all shades of opinion apparently, who choose the latter every time. On the other hand, this letter of the aged Prince reveals the utter horror of Allied policy in refusing material aid to the Russians, whose only crime is that of having flung off the Czarist tyranny, and of seeking now the ways of liberty. "A whole generation" in this vast country, says Kropotkin, is starving to death, and the Allies refuse not only to give, but even to sell, bread. And we still talk of German atrocities! On the basis of this unbiased letter we venture to assert what we have said before—that Allied intervention in Russia is an unmatched example of madness and cruelty. It accomplishes nothing but suffering and death for millions of innocents. When will the people of our Allied countries, so ejaculatory in their lip-service to democracy, act to end this monstrous thing?

What is all this "red-blooded Americanism," of which we are hearing so much these days? It is a blatant thing, for it shrieks from every newspaper headline and on every public platform; it is a busy thing, for it organizes itself into countless societies and leagues. But what is it, in itself? So far as we can make out, it is first of all a blazing and frenzied intolerance, which would silence every unorthodox opinion, and slay, in reputation if not in life, every heretic. Secondly, it is a ferocious cruelty, which gladly accepts responsibility for any atrocity, committed on one who will not or cannot yield utter obedience to accepted standards, from burning a Negro alive at the stake to holding a 'Gene Debs in prison. Thirdly, it is a tyranny which will ruthlessly crush, on plea of necessity, all opposition of every kind to the powers that be. Lastly, it is ignorance,

stupidly unaware of the fultility of force and the madness of oppression. This is "Americanism"!—only it is *not,* though many are those who label it with this sacred name. As a matter of fact, such "Americanism" is in reality only a recrudescence of that very thing from which the founders of America fled in horror, and against which the fathers in America reared the bulwarks of the free Republic. This "Americanism" is only Prussianism, transplanted to these shores by the mad influences of the War. Beware the man who talks of "red-blooded Americanism"! He is only one of those "victors" who, to quote the word of Bernard Shaw, in his Preface to "Heartbreak House," are already busy fastening on themselves the chains they have struck from the limbs of the vanquished."

"The church," says a recent newspaper advertisement published by the National Committee of Baptist Laymen, "has shown itself the chiefest stabilizing force in civilization." Why this statement should be made in an appeal for a single gift of $100,000 to the Victory Campaign of the Baptist denomination, is obvious enough. Most men capable of making $100,000 contributions to religious causes, are looking for "stabilizing forces" to support, these restless days. Why this statement should be blurted right out in public, however, to millions of newspaper readers, is a mystery. For what better illustration of the church's betrayal of religion could be found, than just this of its work as a "stabilizing force" in society? Think, for example, of the "stabilizing" influence exercised in ancient Israel by such scriptural prophets as Amos and Micah and Jeremiah! Think of how Jesus, by his "stablizing" work, quieted the popular unrest of his time, and brought repose to Pharisees and priests! Savonarola was another stabilizer, in Florence—and Luther, in Germany, when he nailed the theses to the cathedral doors! As for John Wesley, and George Fox, and Theodore Parker, it is of course notorious that their "ways were ways of pleasantness, and all their paths were peace"! The fact of the matter is that religion, in its best and truest estate, has always been a revolutionary, and not a "stabilizing force" at all. Its prophets have come as earthquakes, that break the encrusted ground of conventionality, and liberate new life. They have spoken as whirlwinds that sweep away old and decaying growths, that new growths may succeed. The very essence of religion is romance, adventure, upheaval, fresh creation. Its golden text is "Behold, I make old things new." Its trumpet-blast is "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." To stabilize, to conserve, to quiet down—this is to kill religion at the root. And it is just this fatal thing that the organized church has always been doing—and never more so than in our time. Instead of appealing for help to one man, with a promise of stabilization, let the church appeal to the multitudes with a promise of social change, and, lo, we might see today something of what occurred in Palestine when Jesus spoke his word!

Timid efforts toward church unity are constantly appearing. It is evident that the churches realize the shame of denominationalism, and would fain do something to relieve themselves of its withering blight. Thus, in the debates of the recent Episcopal Convention, there was some strength mustered in favor of the ordination of Congregational clergymen who still retained membership in their original fold. The Unitarians, in their recent convention at Baltimore, authorized the appointment of a commission to consider the problem of church unity with the Universalists and Congregationalists. And now comes the word from Grand Rapids of the appointment of a commission by the National Council of the Congregational Church, to discuss this same problem with representatives of the Episcopal Church. All this is good as far as it goes—there is at least a recognition of the fact that there is something vitally wrong with existing church polity. But we look in vain for any recognition of what is central to the whole situation—namely, the organization of religious bodies on bases of theological instead of human and social interest. Nothing can be accomplished with our denominations as they are. It is impossible to unite them, for the whole essence of their being is not union but division. What is needed is not timid attempts at combination outside of and between existing groups, but vigorous reorganization inside each separate group to the end of the substitution of the community for the sect as the unit of integration. The community churches are showing the way. In this direction alone, is to be found the goal.

In the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* (November 1, 1919) appears an interesting symposium on the question, Can a Radical be a Christian? "Surely," says Dr. Henry Van Dyke, "a Christian may be a radical of the right kind. But if he is a radical of the wrong kind, he is a follower of anti-Christ." A helpful rejoinder, especially to Dr. Van Dyke, who arrogates to himself the authority of deciding what is right and what is wrong! Dr. Morrill of Minneapolis, as though in anticipation of Dr. Van Dyke's contribution to the discussion, points out that "Christ was a revolutionary agitator, turning and overturning until what was wrong was right side up." Dr. W. L. C. Samson of Southside strikes a familiar note when he proceeds to identify the radical with I. W. W.'s, Bolshevists, labor agitators, and then says, "He can be a

Christian if he repents, turns from his evil ways, trusts Christ to save him from his sins . . . ceases being a hell-raiser and seeks the blessedness of being a peace-maker." The one genuine contribution to enlightenment on the subject comes from Rev. Daniel L. Marsh of Smithfield in the form of a quotation from the English historian Green, which is as pertinent today as ever. "The steady opposition of the Administration," wrote Green, "to any project of political progress created a dangerous irritation which brought to the front men whose demand for a 'radical reform' in English institutions, won them the name of Radicals, and drove more violent agitators into treasonable disaffection and silly plots."

John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox," just published, is an amazing *tour de force*. One is certain that it is no such achievement in the art of poetic narrative as the immortal "Dauber." One looks in vain for those snatches of flawless beauty which studded the rough vigor of "The Everlasting Mercy." The sheer human pity of "The Widow in the Bye Street" is altogether absent. Whole passages of what might have been charming description of English landscape, are mere lists of curious local names, like Homer's catalogue of ships. And yet there is a fascination and beauty in this poetic description of a fox run, which is undeniable. Just because of what seems to be the inferiority of this work, may we say, perhaps, that never was the genius of Masefield more manifest, never the authentic note of all his present-day writing more clearly marked. For out of material essentially commonplace and doomed to monotony of incident and color—material hopeless in the hands of any ordinary writer—this marvelous poet has wrought a narrative which stirs the imagination, as the fox the hounds. There can be nothing but disappointment that so great a man should have chosen such a subject for his muse. Perhaps this was his way of escape from the long agony of the Great War! But his right to a theme of his own selection once granted, there can be nothing but unbounded admiration for the triumphant success of its poetic treatment.

Is It Civil War?

The labor crisis is upon us. We are right on the edge of a "war after the war." What does it mean? Where is it going to take us? Where is the way of escape from horror and destruction? These are the questions which are swarming about us on every hand.

In meeting such a dire situation as is now at hand, the first thing to do is to understand the factors and motives involved. What is the meaning of "the social crisis," as we have long since learned to call it, and what does it portend for men?

From the simpler and more obvious point of view, this crisis undoubtedly represents a struggle between capital and labor for the mastery of economic power. We are seeing a repetition of what has been going on, at intervals, even since the beginning of human history. Always we have had in society a dominant class, which occupies the seats of power and wields the scepter of authority. Sooner or later there arises a new class of the population, which desires to share in what has long been exclusively enjoyed by the rulers. This is a phenomenon exactly like that of individuals growing up in the family, out of childhood and youth into maturity, and insisting that they be given full voice in the management of family affairs. In the same way social classes come to maturity, and in the same way ask for the power that is associated with maturity.

In the days of King John in England it was the lords and barons who demanded that the power of the monarchy be distributed. In the days of the Stuarts, it was the land owning commons who rose up in rebellion against their exclusion from the government of the realm. In the nineteenth century it was the householders, the ratepayers, the farmers, who declared that they were a part of the English commons, and entitled therefore to exercise of power. And now, in these opening years of the twentieth century, it is the laborers, skilled and unskilled—miners, dockers, factory hands, transportation workers, ditch diggers—who are coming along in their turn, and asking to be taken into the family of government. The social crisis, we repeat, in its cruder, basic form, is a battle for power. Nothing is more significant than the fact that a struggle, which began years ago for better wages and shorter hours, for conditions of labor which were not inconsistent with the rudimentary necessities and decencies of human beings, is now, in our time, becoming transformed into a struggle for a voice in the management of industry, or even for a taking over of industry from the hands of those who own it as property to the hands of those who use it as a livelihood. It is of little advantage to disguise or deny this steady trend of development in the field of industrial strife. The demand of the workers in England for the nationalization of mines and railroads, the Plumb plan in this country for the reorganization of our transportation system, the spread of the shop steward idea of factory control—all these are only so many indications of the real nature of the struggle. The workers today have become conscious of their power in this modern world of highly complex machine production and distribution, and they are proposing that this power be recognized and established. The capitalists, or employers, on the other hand, seem to be determined to refuse any such division of authority as seems to

be involved in the labor struggles of our time. Thus do we have two lines of battle, as determined, as cruel, and as destructive, as those which for so long distracted the world from the English Channel to the borders of Switzerland.

If this analysis of the industrial situation now confronting this country, and the world at large, is correct, then there would seem to be little hope for the future. Civil war is inevitable along lines of social or class division. There are those, to be sure, who still cling in desperation to the old faith that the interests of capital and labor are at bottom identically the same. We have heard this declaration from wise and good men ever since we can remember. The Civic Federation, which brought Samuel Gompers and Mark Hanna face to face, is founded, and has for years been doing its work, on the basis of this idea. But if it be true that the interests of capital and labor are at bottom identical, it must be evident to everybody that this bottom, where identification of interest is supposed to lie, has never yet been uncovered. For ourselves, we must confess our conviction, in the name of all that is honest and sincere, that there is no one deliberate endeavor to deceive ourselves, to deny reality, to "live in a fool's paradise," which is quite so preposterous as this superficial idea that the interests of capital and labor are the same. These interests are not the same! They are no more the same than the interests of the slave and the slave owner, the prohibitionist and the saloon keeper, the Czarist and the Bolshevist, are the same. There is a sense, of course, in which the interests of these opposing groups may some day be merged in a new and better order of society. But we are thinking about capital and labor as they stand today, without any compromise or adjustment of any kind; and here, if anything is plain, it is that capital and labor represent interests and ideals which are diametrically opposed.

The civil war, therefore, as a battle for power between capital and labor, would seem to be upon us. And if so, it is well for us to remember that this is a struggle which will involve us all in its clutches. For nothing is more futile than to try to isolate from the ranks of capital and labor the great body of the community, and thus set it apart as something independent of the battle now joining on so many fronts. Attempts to do this, and thus create a neutral third party, so to speak, are common enough, but they have little or no significance.

How frequent it is, for example, to speak of "the public" as a third and mediating group between capital and labor! But where is the group to be found, when a real issue is encountered? In the great Industrial Conference, which recently met in Washington, there were sitting together representatives of three groups—the employers, the employes, and "the public," the last of which was supposed to be the community at large. In the very first session of this Labor Conference, however, it became evident that "the public" was a wholly fictitious group. The men and women sitting in this third division were interested either in advancing the cause of labor or protecting the cause of capital. They were partisans, one way or the other, as discussion of every fundamental question immediately revealed. And what was true in this Conference is true also in society at large. We are all of us on one side or the other in the existing social crisis. We either believe that the captalist system should continue as it is, with minor and insignificant modifications here and there perhaps; or else we believe that this system should be radically reconstructed, to the end of a larger socialization of the economic field. We are partisans in spite of ourselves. There is no longer any third party, "the public," in the world as it exists at this present moment.

Most persons undoubtedly expect to find the neutral ground between capital and labor in the political state. Thus Attorney-General Palmer, in his reply to the miners protesting against the injunction proceedings, stoutly asserted that the government was not taking sides in the struggle between operators and operatives. Theoretically, this contention is undoubtedly true; our political organization knows no groups or classes of any kind. But as a practical matter it does not take us very far, for the effect of government action is, and must always be, in favor of those who are seeking to preserve the existing order without change. Furthermore, it must be noted in this connection that the state is rapidly becoming a comparatively negligible factor in the industrial battle, since modern men are living less and less in political relations, and more and more in economic relations. Every hour the state is functioning less efficiently, for the reason that every hour it is getting farther removed from the place where people are really living. "Our parliamentary institutions," said a distinguished Englishman to us, this past week, "our parliamentary institutions are gradually disappearing. Parliament no longer governs England. Great questions are now settled by the Cabinet, in consultation with the great organizations of capital and labor." The political state, in other words, is gradually yielding its functions of control to the economic state; and this economic state as we have seen, is not in any sense today a community. On the contrary, it is hopelessly divided in what would seem to be a struggle to the death.

If civil war comes, therefore, we shall all be a part of it, in spite of ourselves. But must it come? Is there nothing more involved in the social crisis than a mere conflict for the mastery of economic power? May we not go deeper in our analysis than this, and

find, perhaps, that we are confronted here by a battle not so much for power, as for rights—simple, everyday, fundamental human rights?

There is a very terrible, and yet at the same time very wonderful word, which was applied long ago to the laboring classes of the world. We have often wished that we might know what breaking heart of what consummate genius it was which first conceived this word. We refer to the phrase "the disinherited" —the phrase which gives the idea of the poor and outcast as those members of the human family who have been "disinherited"! The phrase is full of pitiful imagination, but at the same time it is scientifically accurate. For if there is anything evident in this world, at least from the moral and spiritual point of view, it is that the land upon which we all live together, belongs to everybody. It comes of God, and it descends therefore as an inheritance not to any man, or group of men, but to the whole body of humanity. And if this is true, it is also true, is it not, that what the labor of man's hand and brain produces out of the earth, is similarly his possession—that what we get, that also we should have! And yet men never have had it, at least in so-called civilized times. They did not have it in the days of the Egyptian pyramids and the Roman estates; and they do not have it today, in the days of coal mines and steel mills. The vast majority of men, in other words, have been "disinherited" of what belongs to them by right of birth as children of God, "and if children, then heirs, heirs of God." In our whole system of private ownership and private profits, a vast wrong has been perpetrated upon the human race. And never was that wrong so great as it is today, when the ownership of machines, without which production is impossible, and the ownership of capital, without which machines cannot be operated, is in the hands of an amazingly small proportion of the population. What wonder that we have an unrest today, comparable only to the slave revolts in the old days of the Roman republic! What wonder that the workers, who have toiled through centuries for the mere pittance that measured the capacity not of happiness but of survival, are now laying the axe at the root of the tree, and demanding that they be given what belongs to them. A great wrong, we repeat, is present here. The vast majority of men have been denied their inheritance, and thus deliberately excluded from the human family. These men do not ask that those now in possession shall be dispossessed; they do not demand that disinheritance shall be extended to those who now receive and enjoy. It is an utter mistake to imagine that at the heart of the labor movement is any purpose of robbing the capitalist, or denying him his place in the social order. What the workers seek is simply a sharing with all of that divine inheritance which belongs to all. They seek not that others shall be excluded from, but that they shall be admitted into, the common brotherhood. Their goal is not a new dictatorship—that of labor in place of capital—but the establishment of a common interest or order, of which labor and capital shall together be partakers.

The battle of labor has its sordid and ugly features. The labor men are crammed full of the same suspicion and hatred and selfishness that crowd our own hearts to overflowing. They are perhaps harder and more cruel than some of the rest of us for the deprivations they have suffered and the burdens they have carried. But at bottom the labor movement is something better than all its events and accidents, something infinitely nobler than any of its leaders; and blind indeed shall we be accounted by our descendants, if we do not see this fact. For this movement is a struggle of the masses of the people, not for mere power or mastery, but for a richer, fuller, more abundant life. It is a call of "the disinherited" that they be received as brothers into the family of humanity. It is a cry of homesickness—a reaching out of the hand for the clasp of fellowship, a longing of the heart for the gift of love. What labor wants is a community of interest, and hope, and happiness. On the surface this movement may seem to be a movement of division, but deep down in the soul of man it is a movement of communion.

It is this fact which lies at the heart of the stupendous social upheavel of our day; and it is the recognition of this fact which can alone preserve us from the struggle which seems now impending. If we agree to look upon the crisis as meaning simply a battle for supremacy between two great classes of society, then are we doomed to a civil war, which will soon or late, after incalculable losses, and distresses, be won by labor, and, as a result of such victory, usher in "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Then must the struggle for liberty be begun all over again, with depleted resources and sickened faith! If, on the other hand, we can agree to accept this crisis for what it really is at its deepest and highest—namely, a demand of labor for admission into the ever-widening brotherhood of man—and meet this crisis as it should be met, with reason and good will, then will warfare become impossible, and a new and better order of human relationships be established without bloodshed or tyranny. On this one question of understanding hangs the whole destiny of the race at this fateful moment in history. It is again the age-old issue of Christianity —our willingness to accept and practice the whole gospel of human brotherhood. There is no more reason for war today than at any time in the past. If it comes, it will be because today, as formerly, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether" —because selfishness must have its scourge and sin its atonement.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE PULPIT

The Function of a Liberal Minister

Rev. Joseph A. Kyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The liberal reformation of the Christian Church has a twofold aspect. It deals with the function of the layman and with the function of the minister. The liberal victory for the Christian layman has been almost completely won. A layman today has a pretty clear conception of his freedom and of his duties—though not always practicing the latter. The layman is very much of a law unto himself. But in regard to the function of the minister there is no such clearness. In some respects it is taken for granted that the minister's function has changed. He no longer presumes to preach personally to the individual members of a congregation or to treat them merely as a flock of sheep. They may stray ever so wide without fear of personal abusive correction. No fear of anathema from the pulpit hangs over their heads. The harsher, cruder form of pulpit vituperation has gone forever. To this extent it is recognized that the function of the minister has changed along with the new freedom of the layman.

It is not out of place to raise the question of the exact function of the minister—especially in a Unitarian church. What is it? Several times in my life I have thought I could answer the general question of the function of the minister with little difficulty. Today I approach the subject with much less certainty, much less arbitrariness.

As a boy raised in an old-fashioned Methodist Church I thought the function of the minister was to thrust, at the point of anathema, high ideals down the throats of men and women who were by nature opposed to things ideal—to proclaim the clearly defined Will of an omniscient, omnipotent and extremely vengeful God. The minister was an ambassador—if not a plenipotentiary! of the deity. But the time came when I felt very much as I once heard a Congregational minister express himself: "If I thought there were such a God—I could sit up nights to hate him."

As a youth in the midst of adolescent doubt I was so overwhelmed by the inconsistency of preaching and practice, by the extreme pettiness of church life and its effect upon the character of ministers that I formed a quite unjust estimate of the ministry—never dreaming that later I would freely choose such as my own work. I was then firmly convinced that the function of the minister was to be all things to all men—in a word, a hypocrite!—and to encourage other men and women to follow his example in straddling every issue of any material importance.

Later years showed this judgment to be unjust. Where there are weaklings in the pulpit, where there are hypocrites, they are not so by nature or by choice—but have spent many bitter and lonely hours before yielding to a pressure greater than they could bear. They have been made such by the sometimes thoughtless and inconsistent requirements of their congregations. Every minister in every church yearns to stand upright and speak his mind freely on every subject—but the suffering that it would bring to those dependent upon him holds him in check and gradually dwarfs his soul. This condition of the ministry—with its inevitable spiritual tragedy—is the theme of many novels of recent time. Mrs. Humphry Ward has written of it. It is to be found in "The Calling of Dan Matthews," in Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup," in Ibsen's drama "Brand," and more recently in the novel by H. G. Wells, "The Soul of the Bishop." The spokesmen of the Nazarene, of course, ought to have the sublime courage of their Master—but where they have not they ought to be pitied, not reviled, for the blame rests with the requirements put forward by the average congregation. The hope of the modern church—contained in the very name "liberal"—is that we can build up congregations that are spiritually large enough to hold a different conception of the ministry than the average.

I know of nothing that stands out in my life as of greater significance than the discovery in Iowa City of a Unitarian Church—an organized body of generous human beings banded together for the promotion of a liberal interpretation of Christianity and human life. I can never forget the debt I owe to that name "Unitarian"—and for that reason I feel it incumbent upon me to speak, as occasion demands, in defense of its underlying principles which we are at times in danger of forgetting. It hinges on the conception of the function of the minister.

In certain very important respects the function of the minister is one and same the world over—irrespective of race, of denomination, of creed, or whether one ministers in the name of Christ, or Buddha, or Mohammed, or simply in the name of human needs. It is the ministry of consolation, of encouragement, of hope, and of faith that passes beyond the limitations of our physical existence and affirms that the human is allied with the divine. Universal is the need of salvation—though we may differ as to the things from which we need to be saved. The function of every minister of every religion is to point the way of hope triumphant—for without hope there is no religion. The function of the minister at all times and in all places is to hold firmly before men and women a standard that transcends the passing requirements of human expediency and acknowledges the ultimate validity of the divine alone. In this respect the function of the minister is universal in its aspect.

But in other respects his function changes with the creeds and the denominations. What would be held to be the function of a minister in one denomination might unfit him entirely for service in another. After we leave the universal aspect of religion we face the inevitable division of men and women into groups of temperament. I have no faith in the success of the "One Big Church" movement, in the hope for world-wide church unity and similarity. By our temperaments we are divided into any number of groups separated from one another by varying degrees of dissimilarity. Denominations will pass through many phases of development but they will never wholly disappear, for they do minister to certain fundamental group needs. There is no possibility of stating the function of the minister in such a way that it will fit all groups of men and women. The Roman Catholic Church with its celibate priesthood serves a great mass of people in a way that they need; no other church could do it. There is a certain type of man and woman that is at home only in an Episcopal Church. Another craves the Methodist Church with its warmth of devotion, or the Baptist Church, or the Presbyterian. Still another finds religion, spiritual

comfort and uplift only in Christian Science. I am a friend of them all—because I believe them all to be doing good and necessary work for their own people. These divisions are self-evident and their implication is unavoidable. They may inevitable different conceptions of the function of the minister. Yet at times we forget this and the demand is raised in every church that its ministers be like the ministers of other denominations. A few years ago the Modernists demanded that the Roman Catholic Church accept the standards of modern scientific thought and line themselves up with the ministers of other churches. The Pope was quite right in excommunicating every one of them; they were demanding the impossible. The fault was with the Modernists themselves. They were in a church that was not meant for their temperament. One ought to visit every church in the community to find the one in which he is temperamentally at home.

The difficulty is that people join churches for very insufficient reasons. They enter through the Sunday School because their fathers or their mothers were at home in the church they choose. They join because they like the social life of some church, or because they like its turkey dinners. Sometimes they join through some momentary burst of enthusiasm that causes them to throw themselves on the Lord—to his detriment ever afterwards! Or they join because it is *the* church of the neighborhood. These are petty considerations and do harm rather than good. The only worthy appeal to make in seeking new members is a clear statement of the ideal and temperamental ends a church seeks to serve. Those who are in sympathy with such should be invited to come. Those who are not in sympathy with such should be gently and courteously, but firmly, discouraged. I dare say that nine-tenths of the strength of Protestant churches is wasted in attempts to build up church membership through competitions with each other in the various forms of amusement and social life. The tragic question for our Protestant churches always remains—what is a congregation worth, spiritually and morally, if it is built up through anything other than allegiance to overmastering ideals. Better a handful of people serving the Master than a mob believing nothing in particular. Personally I cannot compete along social lines—and will not try. To me—it is my temperamental bias!—the Unitarian Church is the bearer of the greatest spiritual tidings since the advent of Jesus. On the basis of such alone can we make any successful, enduring growth. We may let other churches decide for themselves what is to be the function of their ministers. We are concerned with the function of the minister of a liberal church.

One phase—the very foundation of all his work!—should be the purely religious. The universal affirmations of religion should always be upon his lips. I know of no more beautiful expression of such than those words of James Freeman Clarke called "Our Faith"—"The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, Salvation by Character, and the Progress of Mankind Onward and Upward Forever." Nothing of a narrow, selfish sectarianism should ever fall from his lips.

The function of a liberal minister should be guided by a generous appreciation of the difficulties and uncertainties and weariness that surround the lives of many. Equally important is it that a congregation should reciprocate in this respect. No minister should ever be expected to be brilliant all the time or infallible at any time. It is the privilege of the human birth that he has in common with you that he should make mistakes and pass at times possibly unwarranted judgments on important questions.

Further I believe it to be the function of a liberal minister to believe in life and in men and women; that it is his duty in public and in private to speak the generous judgment and to plead, if need be, the rights of an unpopular cause even though it may not be his own cause. A free people need the guidance of a free ministry. In our own history we have ample warning against the danger of too hasty condemnation of free utterance from our pulpits. It was not so long ago that Ralph Waldo Emerson, the greatest spiritual genius America has ever produced, was compelled to abandon the Unitarian ministry because of limitations that he felt were stifling him. Theodore Parker, during his life time, was excluded from practically every pulpit in the Unitarian denomination—though today his name stands with Channing's in the category of Unitarian saints. The function of a Unitarian minister is to speak freely or not at all. We should say to our ministers: "Give us the breath of life, whenever, wherever, and however you may find it!" Some groups are of a temperament that would be shocked to hear a sermon not based on a Bible text, still more shocked if a minister came to conclusions at variance with the teachings of Jesus, or critical of our American social or political life. They might find Dr. Griggs' lectures on Job or on Hauptmann's Weavers edifying at the Brooklyn Institute—but be unwilling to tolerate such in the pulpit. They would feel that Dr. Griggs had departed from the essential work of the ministry. Such limitations a Unitarian church should never place on the function of its ministers.

And shall I not speak of that next problem of the pastoral relation through which so many ministers go wrong? Yes—and with frankness! Where there is sickness, or trouble, or any possibility that the minister can be of assistance the minister should not hesitate to call frequently. But why should it be his function in this day of so many pressing needs to waste from two-thirds to three-quarters of his time tramping the streets and making perfunctory calls? It would be more wholesome for the church if he spent that time in his study—or went on a fishing trip. In some cases there is demand for such calls. Women who, on their own merits, could not command a moment of anyone's time feel their vanity flattered that they can compel a busy minister to waste hours of his time in trying to entertain them. It is a senseless requirement that is driving hundreds of young men out of the ministry. Where there are hundreds of these calls to be made it is inevitable that the most of them must be made in the afternoons. How any woman can tolerate a minister hovering around her house in the absence of her husband is more than I can fathom. It makes business men sneer at the church and treat the minister as a "woman's man." It is unhealthy—and the sooner all churches cease to require it of their ministers the better for all concerned.

I believe that I am speaking in accord with long established fact when I say that Unitarian churches expect their ministers to exercise the civic rights of other individuals. They expect him to stand shoulder

to shoulder with other men and women in the life of the Republic and to affirm or to deny, as conscience may dictate, when he confronts the problems of the day. If the Unitarian church has any claim upon public confidence it is due to the fact that our ministers have not stood before the public as dumb driven oxen but have had convictions to defend and the courage to speak their minds freely. To read of the reform work in America is to read a mighty roll of honor of our ministers and laymen. Unitarian churches would feel humiliated if their ministers evaded public questions.

My faith in our churches is such that I believe they are forward looking. They consider it a part of the minister's function to do a little pioneer work on the spiritual frontier. We are proud of America and the marvelous things we have accomplished—but we believe that the future holds as much, if not more, of good for us to work for. We are not of the past or even of the present—but of the future. We meet to dream dreams, not of what has already been accomplished, but to dream dreams far beyond our present power of accomplishment. It is to the future that we dedicate our efforts. We expect our ministers to believe in the future of mankind, to speak of the absolute ideals of love and of justice and of goodwill, not as impossible, but as humanely attainable. It is their function to defend the future from every taint of spiritual compromise and divided service.

We are not over-righteous men and women. We are not bigots in our judgments. We are simply men and women seeking the truth of life in a very generous and humane fashion. We seek to live and to let live. We know that visions are the greatest gifts of God—and on the Godward side we ask that our minds may ever be open. We ask of our ministers that they shall lead us and not drive—nor be driven.

I believe and you believe
That the outcome must be good; that he who works for what
is best, in faith or honest doubt,
Seeking what is true with what light may glimmer through,
by little and by little, at length shall find it out.

Thus do we interpret the function of the minister of a liberal church.

WHEN SORROW CAME.

Sorrow came and gently took me by the hand,
Guided me through suffering to another land
Where I thought the sunshine never filtered through
Gardens that grew densely rosemary and rue.

Sadly clung I weeping to her gentle hand,
Caring not to listen, or to understand
Words she uttered softly, tears that flowed with mine,
Tenderness that offered sympathy divine.

Patiently she led me, often dried my tears,
Sought to give me glimpses of the coming years
When from this dim garden I should come forth blest—
But I only flung me, weeping, on her breast.

Yet she murmured never. Sorrow so well knew
That within the shadows rarest flowers grew,
Offering precious blossoms, eager to surprise
If I ever sought them with my tear-wet eyes.

On and on she led me, guiding me with care,
Till at last my spirit sensed them growing there:
Sympathy, and courage, hearts that understand.
Only then did Sorrow loose my clinging hand.

VLYN JOHNSON.

CONTRIBUTED

Russia and the Interventionists

The anniversary of what has been called the November Revolution may bring to the Allies a wonderful opportunity of putting an end to the period of lyng about Russian affairs. I doubt whether as many lies were told of the French Revolution and the American Revolution together, in the quarter of a century which roughly covered their years of strife, as have been told during the past two years of the Russian Revolution. Liars seem to have dominated the situation since the overthrow of the czar, and, as they have been regarded with favor by the governments of the Allies, as they were at the time of the French and American Revolutions, their downfall may be a blessing in disguise to many European statesmen. It is rather curious how the clouds of retribution have gathered over the heads of these gentlemen during the past few months, and how the storm has broken in an intense hurricane over their heads just when a rift in the clouds, three weeks ago, gave them a gleam of hope. Yudenitch was then so near Petrograd that the cartoonists of the Allies depicted the fall of Lenine and Trotsky. Mr. Winston Churchill, in his famous letter to his constituents in Dundee, was then full of hope that one of his many military and naval blunders might at the last moment be turned into a success. His surely is a case of having trusted too wholeheartedly those liars who have toiled with marvellous energy to make the world safe from democracy. Mr. Churchill relied on them at the time of his Antwerp fiasco, at the time of the Gallipoli disaster, and he has undoubtedly relied on them during the whole of his policy of intervention in Russia.

In searching the histories of the Revolutions which took place at the end of the eighteenth century I fail to find any parallel for the extraordinary obduracy, which has taken place in the last two years, on the part of statesmen and their supporters to consider seriously any information of value but that which has borne the imprint of the factory where information of any kind has been concocted for the purpose of making statesmen deceive themselves. Authentic information there has been which all the powers of censors, bureaus of information and official propagandists, have, in the long run, been unable to suppress. The London *Nation* gives a long list of the names of men of world-wide repute in journalism who have from the early days of the November Revolution given the facts of Russian affairs without bias, and all these men have been opposed to the economic and political theory and practice of Lenine and Trotsky. Now in support of the information which has been given to us by Col. Raymond Robins, Dr. Rickman, and Mr. Arthur Ransome, we have the testimony of Professor William T. Goode produced in a long series of articles in the *Manchester Guardian*. Professor Goode confirms the evidence and impressions gathered by his colleagues in Russia where he was given the fullest liberty to inquire and look into the workings of the soviet organizations. He records how he came in contact with the chiefs of the departments, he portrays these men with the skill of a shrewd observer of character, he describes the difficulties they have had to contend with, their hopes, their fears, and in so doing creates an impression which cannot fail to make a fair-minded opponent of the principles of Lenine and Trotsky, admire them and their colleagues for their

astounding executive and organizing ability. And, as Professor Goode points out, there must be an ever-increasing force in Russia which recognizes their extraordinary ability, for they remain in power, and find and feed and clothe the armies which have withheld the united attacks of all the interventionists. The lurid creatures which we have had presented to us by the willing slaves of the organized imagination would have failed long ago to rise to the task of solving any one of the gigantic problems which the real men of the Revolution in Russia have had to tackle.

It really does seem as if the day of lying about Russian affairs is coming to a close. It has been a miserable business from the first, and the governments have lost heavily in giving their support to the campaigns of untruth which have been the means of squandering life and treasure, for the purpose, as Edward Price Bell suggests, in his recent cable from London, of obliging the handful of monopolists who have been interested in exploiting the natural resources of Russia. The people of our European Allies have never been in favor of intervention. Mr. Lloyd George admitted that. Indeed, no allied country has been officially at war with the Russian revolutionaries. The Liberal press in Europe call intervention, derisively, "the war that is not a war."

Is the end in sight, the end of intervention? A message from London, dated November the 6th, delayed two days, tells us of the peace proposals of the soviet government brought to London by Lieut. Col. Lestrange Malone, a Member of Parliament. The proposals made by the Soviet Government are as follows:

> An armistice for all the fronts to be followed by a peace conference in a neutral country.
>
> The removal of the blockade, and free rights of transit over all railways and through all ports to be granted by the Soviet Government, together with free trade communication in and out of Russia.
>
> The recognition of all foreign debt obligations of the former Russian Empire.
>
> The withdrawal of all Allied troops from Russian territory and the cessation of Allied military assistance to the anti-soviet forces.
>
> That the Soviet Government be entitled to send representatives to all Allied countries.

This extraordinary peace overture from the Soviet Government to the Allies, coming at this time, when the military forces of the Soviets are putting to rout the forces of Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenitch, cannot be ignored. The Allied Governments must, before the winter sets in, give grave consideration to these terms. It is certain the British Government cannot afford to treat these proposals lightly, for the recent municipal elections, in which the Labor Party won a tremendous victory, had a national significance, for the Government's policy of intervention in Russia played no little part in the overwhelming turnover of votes to the Labor candidates.

Is the end in sight? It must be, for none of the peoples of the interventionists will tolerate the expense and misery which will be the prospect of the taxpayers and the troops during many long months in winter quarters. Obstinacy now on the part of the Allied governments will lead to disaster.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

SELECTED

Experiences in Russia

I

Mr. Goode's Return from Moscow

I arrived in Reval on the 2nd of September, after a journey which for difficulty and danger is unique in my experience. The 2nd and a portion of the 3rd of September were occupied in picking up my effects, sending telegrams to announce my arrival there, and in consultation with the Esthonian authorities, who had assisted me from the moment when I touched the Esthonian outposts. It was on the 2nd also that the interview with the *Times* correspondent and Commander Smithies of the British Mission took place, which produced later such very unpleasant results. On the evening of September 3 I was asked to go to the Esthonian military staff, where I went thinking it was intended to hold another consultation such as had been held with every Esthonian staff with whom I came in contact in my progress through the country.

Arrived there, I was kept waiting for two hours, being interviewed, or, at any rate, attempted to be interviewed, by some clerks belonging to the intelligence bureau. I protested strongly at the time, but could get no satisfaction, and at the end of the two hours I was brutally told I was arrested. No explanation was given, no reason produced, but I was taken off immediately in a motor car to the Haupt Wachtel —the political prison—and handed over to the officer in charge. This prison is a strong building of two stories, with heavily barred windows and a multiplicity of armed guards. The officer in charge attempted at first to find a place in which to bestow me on the ground floor, among the common soldiers, who were herded together like pigs. Finding no place, he took me upstairs, where eleven young officers from the Esthonian and Russian armies were located. I was placed in a cell, about 15 feet by 8 feet, with two young officers. The cell contained two bedsteads but no beds. One of the officers, a youth, had been sleeping during three and a half months on three boards. He had no covering except his thin summer uniform. The other officer had secured a rug. He had been in the cell for eighteen days, but neither of them knew why they had been imprisoned. The only other furniture was a stool, but an iron bedstead was brought in, without any covering at all, for me. The officer tried to induce me to send to the hotel for articles of bedding, the intention being to get from me my keys. This I absolutely refused to do. He then took me downstairs to his office and told me to clear my pockets on to his table. This again I refused point blank to do, on which he threatened to use violence. My reply was that I could not prevent his attempting it, but that I should offer all the resistance in my power. He then changed his tone, and pleaded with me for half an hour with tears in his eyes to give up my keys, and, finding I was obdurate, he at last said he would forgo the matter and I was taken upstairs again.

I had no overcoat, rug or bedding of any description. It was impossible to sleep on the bedstead like St. Lawrence on his gridiron and so from eight o'clock in the evening until eight next morning I tramped up and down the twenty-foot corridor outside. My last meal had been taken when I was the guest of the Esthonian Foreign Minister at lunch on the previous

day, and during the thirty hours I was in the prison I neither ate nor drank nor slept nor washed. Black bread had been brought round in the morning, but none was given to me, and towards midday a bucket of soup strongly resembling hog wash was brought up, but as I had neither pannikin nor spoon I could eat none of it, even if I had wished. On the evening of my arrest I had extracted a half confession from the officer of the prison that the Esthonian government was not to blame in the matter of my arrest but the British authorities. On the following morning during a second interview he, in desperation, confessed freely that it was the British authorities who had ordered me to be arrested. I had given to him notes to the British and Esthonian authorities and to personal friends in Reval, but I had no confidence they would be delivered.

On the afternoon of the fourth, by which time the officer of the prison had been changed, I wrote out a formal protest to the Esthonian government against the unwarrantable arrest of a British subject without reason given, and a letter to the head of the British Mission demanding his presence at the prison to see the sort of thing to which he had condemned me. I also by clandestine methods had got a letter conveyed to a well-known American journalist, who was in Reval, asking him to act on my behalf. At seven o'clock in the evening I went again to the office and told the officer that if by eight o'clock no one had been to the prison to me I should take action myself, for I had determined to smash the windows on my floor by way of attracting attention to what was being done. In less than half an hour an adjutant from the staff and the commandant of the town drove up and released me. While returning to the hotel the adjutant confessed openly that what had been done had been demanded by the British authorities.

As soon as I had washed and fed I went to the British Mission to demand explanations. The head of the Mission was not there, I was told, but I saw again Commander Smithies, to whom I strongly denounced the whole proceeding, and from whom I had again a practical confession of what had already been told me by the prison officer and the adjutant. He told me in addition that Admiral Cowan, who is the chief officer in the Baltic, offered as an "act of courtesy" a destroyer to take me to Helsingfors, since I had lost my passage through my imprisonment. This offer I could not accept as I had much to do, but promised to consider it for the morrow if it were repeated. I then returned to the hotel, and packing together all my papers, the results of my month's work in Moscow, the documents I had brought with me, photographs, letters of prisoners of war, and all the notes, drafts and copies of my work in Finland and the Baltic provinces, into one large parcel, I took it to the Esthonian Foreign Ministry and had it sealed with the diplomatic seal of Esthonia and left it in charge of the Foreign Minister with instructions concerning its disposal.

On the morrow, the 6th of September, I kept my word and went down to the destroyer Venturous, in which I proceeded, as I thought, to Helsingfors. An hour after lunch, knowing that we should then be getting near to Sveaborg, I went on deck, when Commander Smithies came to me and told me the ship was going to Björkö. To my remark that this was sheer kidnapping he replied that a wireless message had been received from the admiral during lunch saying that he wished to see me. As there was nothing to be done I had perforce to bear the matter with what grace I could. We arrived at Björkö about seven o'clock in the evening, when I was given a cabin on the hospital ship.

It was not until after service on Sunday that I was taken to the flagship, the Delhi, to see the admiral, and on seeing him I asked him, before any further steps were taken, in what capacity I was present, whether as his guest or as his prisoner. He seemed a little disconcerted, but remarked that he had wished to see me, to which I replied that I had received no invitation but had been carried off on the open sea. He then said I certainly was his guest, on which we sat down and conversed. He asked me many questions, some of which I answered, others I declined to answed. At the close of the interview I was removed from the hospital ship to the light cruiser Danaë, on which I remained until I landed at Sheerness on Monday, September 29. During the whole of the period of three weeks during which I was detained I was not allowed once to set foot on shore. My only visit was made to the admiral again after I had learned that stories of my supposed killing by Bolsheviks were circulating in the English press, and I wanted to have a telegram sent home in order to relieve the minds of my people. I further sent to him on September 15 a formal protest against my detention without any reason assigned, and calling on him to fulfill the promise made on his behalf to land me at Helsingfors as an "act of courtesy." This produced no result. I remained on the Danaë for another fourteen days, and was then brought straight back to England and refused any communication with the shore at Reval, Helsingfors or Copenhagen. Of the fate of my papers I am yet in doubt, though from the libelous statements which have appeared in the *Times* it is clear that the seal must have been broken and the papers examined, if no worse fate has befallen them.

In justice to the officers of the Venturous, the Bernice and the Danaë, it must be stated that they received me with all possible politeness and good fellowship and did everything in their power to make my detention as little irksome as possible. The sole exception to this treatment was Commander Smithies, who paid the ill-omened visit to my room in the hotel at Reval in company with the *Times* correspondent, and who afterwards accompanied me on the kidnapping expedition to Björkö.

I have yet to receive any explanation of the gross outrage of my arrest and detention.

Manchester Guardian, Oct. 13.

Correspondence

THE MINISTERIAL OUTLOOK.

Editor UNITY:

In a recent issue was a communication in which the writer stated that of some 500 clergymen in the Unitarian fellowship, about 150 are without pastoral settlement, and concluded: "It seems somewhat a matter of reproach that while denominational appeals for ad-

ditional ministerial recruits are blazoned abroad, so large a proportion of the trained men remain idle."

The other day the last year book of a kindred denomination was examined, having a name which begins the same but ends differently, and it was found that of the 602 ministers listed, considerably more than 300 had no charge of churches, or more than one-half; and yet, from the raised window of this apartment of the church universal, the cry has been borne to the breezes for more ministers, when some of the best equipped in this fellowship have been, in a way, forced to be idle, and when again there are more churches than clergymen. What is the matter? Is there a disease in the body ecclesiastic, and can it be diagnosed? Nothing can certainly be said to the discredit of the faith which is all inclusive of the good of humanity, and certainly the people of the faith are among the best with feet on the earth.

It has been observed that preferred persons, after taking official positions in the denomination, have lost a measure of grace and graciousness, of Christian courtesy and brotherly behavior. They have stepped toward autocracy, and even gone over the line to it from democracy. They have a scepter which is used to the discomfiture of one and another and another with a wider vision. Men might take office in a denomination and serve it and all in it, as they have opportunity; and I am sure there are men who have done so; but some, on the other hand, have become manifestly narrow and autocratic. Is the weakness of human nature to be debited, or denominationalism?

About a year ago there was a withdrawal from the professedly broad denomination largely because of the narrow officialism of superintendents, state and general. Too, there seemed to be none but dying churches awaiting the service of those who had resigned charges for any reason. A return to a charge which had been committed to others twenty years before, and with which a church had been built up, convinced one too that the denomination had, or exercised, pitiably little power to conserve the work of the individual minister in it. Ministerial succession had been destructive rather than constructive; each one took his course seemingly without regard to what the brother had done before him, and, neglecting to conserve, the work waned. Even slight details had not been attended to: The church book was not posted; removals were not noted; as many as twenty-five names of persons who had died were not so marked. The dead had not buried the dead!

Is not the denomination dependent upon the faithfulness of individual clergymen and laymen in each year and generation? Is there not some bond besides the denominational by which the work of men and women and generations of mankind may be aggregated for good? By a pure democracy we shall find it, we may believe, each doing his duty in his time and place, each bent upon a living service to a living humanity. The God of all will surely accept the offering of every free spirit that would serve.

Sincerely,

November 5, 1919. CHARLES C. CONNER.

News from Europe

Religion and the War.

Internationalism in politics and interdenominationalism in religion are growing stronger every day. The rapid growth of a tolerant spirit among religious bodies in Britain is commented upon in an editorial from the *Manchester Guardian*:

A newspaper controversy going on mainly between English Bishops shows one noteworthy effect of the war. The subject is the propriety of interchanges of pulpits between Churchmen and Nonconformists. As far as it is possible now to remember pre-war atmospheres, it seems to us that the remarkable and admirable liberality of the greater part of these episcopal declarations shows a considerable growth of interdenominational tolerance. It corresponds closely to the general direction of such spiritual change as seems on the whole to have gone on in the minds of those officers and men in whom war experience stimulated any religious thought. Probably it is correct to say that in such minds the almost universal result was to increase, as it were, the raw material of religion and to weaken interest in its most minutely and rigidly finished products, and especially in any doctrines tending to the mutual separation and exclusion of religious minds. Rightly or wrongly, a body of men who are probably going to be killed together in a few hours, in an act of self-surrender for what they hold in common as an ideal, simply will not entertain, then or ever after, the idea of any shutting upon their comrades of any gates of divine mercy opened to themselves. At the same time a great many men probaly underwent, through the strange and drastic experiences of war, the kind of raking up of the soul, the more or less wild and whirling spiritual disturbance, out of which definite religious ideas are often formed, as the earth was formed out of a whirling ball of flaming metals and vapors. Any denomination which can see past official reports and understand this double phenomenon, and go to meet its results, may gain a remarkable accession of power.

Protecting the English Lake District.

A society has been formed in the English Lake Country of representative men and women residing in the various districts, whose aim is to keep a watchful eye on any destruction of natural beauty in their neighborhood. They will work together to safeguard it from harm at the hands either of private persons or public bodies. They believe much of the mischief done is done thoughtlessly, and that many of those who, by their action, are likely to injure the amenity of a neighborhood would, if approached in a friendly way, desist from doing so. The society does not ask for membership from the outside public, but should occasion arise when public opinion is needed to support it a meeting would be called. Canon Rawnsley, Grasmere, is chairman, and Sir William Forwood, K. B. E., Windermere, depty chairman.

French Exchange.

The *Petit Parisien* publishes from its London correspondent an interview with M. Duche, president of the French Chamber of Commerce, on the exchange problem. M. Duche says he is in communication with British business men and bankers, with whom he is trying to arrange long credits in favor of France. The parties interested have agreed to credits for two years amounting to 15,000,000 francs.

M. Duche considers that this operation, if carried out, will fix the French exchange rate at about 30 francs for the pound sterling. Great Britain, he declares, is very well disposed towards France. The absence of a policy common to all the Allies and the tendency of British economic policy are the causes of the present crisis.

Memel.

In the following editorial the *Manchester Guardian* raises the question of Memel:

Among the minor provisions of the treaty with Gemany that concerning Memel is one of the obscurest. By article 99 Germany was called upon to surrender to the principal Allied Powers the tongue of land which East Prussia threw out to the north and which forms the boundary between East Prussia and Lithuania. There has never been offered a public explanation for that annexationist excursion, and the treaty itself left open the final decision in regard to the ter-

ritory, "particularly in so far as concerns the nationality of its inhabitants." Since then no notice whatever appears to have been taken of Memel, and it might have been utterly forgotten. Now its inhabitants are not unnaturally pressing for a little attention. They protest against a state of affairs which neither allows them to choose a master themselves nor provides one for them, and which by its indefiniteness precludes all return to normal life. No doubt they are right, but that does not suffice to obtain them satisfaction. Unfortunately for them their particular problem is connected with the most sorry failure of Allied policy. The strip of land surrendered by Germany closes in two-thirds of the sea front of the Lithuanian State. It includes, moreover, the old Hanseatic town of Memel, the only port in that region, through which flows the great bulk of Lithuanian exports. Town and territory were obviously destined to provide an outlet for the new Republic. But clearly the Allies cannot hand over territory to a State the independence of which they have not yet recognized. And since this, in its turn, is due to the Allied attitude towards Russia, the scandal of Memel is discovered to be one of the many fruits of a stupid and indefensible Russian policy.

An International People's College.

A young Dane is visiting England to arouse interest in and to secure support for the establishment of an international people's college near Copenhagen. He came over last year, but although he saw many influential people, such as the late Canon Scott Holland, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Sir Michael Sadler, and the principal of Ruskin College, who gave him much encouragement, the war conditions were unfavorable for his propaganda. Conditions are now more favorable, and he expects considerable English support.

The idea is to secure an estate that is available on the edge of a lake not far from Copenhagen, where it is hoped that enthusiasts from different nations, mostly Quakers or Mennonites, will be able to add to the existing buildings so that the accommodation will be adequate for the large number that it is hoped will follow the first body of students. It is intended that the students shall be nominated by trade unions, labor organizations, co-operative societies and other progressive bodies.

The college will be for men and women irrespective of creed, and though it will not be bound to any particular denomination, "it will especially employ teachers who believe in the association of the Christian view of life with the democratic movement, and the development of a supernational spirit as a way of social and individual progress." The course will include languages, psychology, history, sociology, and hygiene, and special branches will consist of agriculture, economics, and commerce. The organizers believe that they can work down the cost of board, lodging and tuition to £60 a year for each student, but the student will be expected to help in the production of foodstuffs on the estate.

The secretary of the scheme is Peter Manniche, Sonder Boulevard 87, Copenhagen.

D'Annunzio at Fiume.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Temps* states that Gabriele D'Annunzio has seized all the food stores in Fiume, and that the people of the city are already said to be short of meat. The message continues:

"The Italian Legion, 'Sursum Corda,' has posted up proclamations in the town ordering all Croats, Magyars and Germans to leave Fiume immediately. The Italian soldiers force the young Slav women to kiss tricolor cockades. Many of the chief people of Fiume have left.

"On Thursday evening D'Annunzio received delegates from Susak, the entirely Slav quarter of the city. D'Annunzio declared that he took no responsibility as regards Susak, but would guarantee the lives and goods of the population. The delegates replied that under the administration of General Grazioli the same promises had been made to them, and that the Jugo-Slavs had nevertheless suffered ill treatment. They informed D'Annunzio that since his arrival about 400 Slavs from Fiume and 135 Jugo-Slavs from Susak had been imprisoned and several men killed."

French and Belgian Trade.

When we wish to learn what is thought in American commercial circles of financial and trade conditions in Europe and finding little comment of value in our great dailies, we turn to the bulletins published by some of our great banks, where weighty commercial questions are discussed with courage and candor. The following is taken from the bulletin of the National City Bank of New York:

A cable message from Paris, dated September 16, told of an incident in the Chamber of Deputies, when in the course of the debate over the peace treaty the subject of exchange was touched upon. The dispatch says:

"At the word 'exchange,' J. L. Barthod, former Foreign Minister, and L. J. Puech, former Minister of Public Works, demanded a statement from Louis Klotz, Finance Minister, on what they termed the extremely precarious condition of exchange. This demand was supported by numerous other deputies.

"M. Klotz said the exchange situation was due to France permitting free importations. 'The only remedy,' he said, 'is to show America and Great Britain that we can go to other countries with a growing volume of colonial and national productions. Otherwise exchange will continue to rise.'

"M. Cemene said the remedy was to cease buying from the United States and Great Britain and to buy in Germany, where exchange favored France."

The same peculiar situation exists in Belgium. All reports from there say that reluctant though the Belgians are to give patronage to Germany, it is practically unavoidable. An instance which illustrates the situation has developed in New York within the past month. A Belgian corporation having an investment to make in Mexico was in the market for machinery. The contract went to a German firm at a net cost only 35 per cent of the competing American bid, the controlling factor being that Belgian money is worth a premium over German money but is at a heavy discount in American money.

Our own branch in Brussels, writing in August, said of this situation:

"The increase of the rates of exchange against Belgium has brought about a condition whereby the purchase of raw materials and finished goods from America and England is being greatly hampered. The prices quoted in dollars and pounds is not prohibitive, but when converted into Belgian francs at 59 per cent increase over the normal exchange for dollars (rate of 8.35 existing August 9) and 40 per cent increase on the pound (rate of 35 for August 9), purchases on the part of Belgian buyers were being widely discontinued.

"This was so, especially in view of the fact that in some cases the German houses were sending quotations into Belgium which when converted into marks at the current rate of exchange, i. e., 44 to 45 centimes per mark, prevented Belgian merchants from giving orders for American and English goods."

The Pole by Plane.

Mr. John L. Cope, the leader and organizer of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, stated that the preparations for his projected flight to the South Pole were well advanced, and experts were now engaged in designing the plane in which the flight would be made. "We have received," he said, "a terrible blow in the death of Brigadier General Lee, who had signed on with the expedition as chief of the aeronautical staff, and would have piloted the plane to the South Pole. I am now in negotiation with one of the most famous airmen in the world, who, I think, will take the place of General Lee. I cannot disclose his name, but he has won the V. C. as well as the D. S. O. for his magnificent exploits as an airman on the western front."

Mr. Cope stated that he was not merely going to fly to the Pole, but he intended to use the aeroplane throughout the six or seven years that the expedition would be on the ice. The Antarctic had never been charted properly, largely owing to the fact that many parts were quite inaccessible on foot. It was his intention to chart the whole Antarctic from the air.

Mr. Cope's second in command will be Mr. Ernest Joyce, who accompanied the first Scott expedition to the South Pole and was a member of both the Shackleton expeditions.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

PETER KROPOTKIN'S VOICE.

"L'Humanity" of Paris, under date of October 10th, publishes a letter of Kropotkin addressed to his friend Georg Brandes, the famous Danish liberator, delayed in transit, but full of interest. Kropotkin, it is well known, is no Bolshevik, and his testimony as to things in Russia is therefore all the weightier.

After some friendly remarks of a personal character, the aged revolutionist goes on:

"The person who will bring you this letter will tell you of the isolated life we are leading in this small provincial town. At my age it is materially impossible to participate in public affairs during a revolution. . . . All I can do at present is to give you a general idea of the situation in Russia which, as far as I can observe, is not quite well understood in the Occident. Perhaps an analogy will explain what I mean.

"At present we pass through what France experienced during the Jacobin revolution from September, 1792, to July, 1794, only that now it is a social revolution that is under way.

"The dictatorial method of the Jacobins was wrong. It could not create a stable organization and ended necessarily in reaction. All the same, the Jacobins accomplished in June, 1793, the abolition of the feudal rights commenced in 1789, which neither the Constitution nor the Legislature would finish. And the Jacobins proclaimed aloud the political equality of all citizens. Two immense fundamental changes which during the 19th century made their way through Europe.

"Something analogous is done in Russia. The Bolsheviks try hard to introduce by the dictatorship of a part of the Social Democratic party the socialization of the soil, the industry and the commerce. What they endeavor to accomplish is the fundamental principle of Socialism. Unfortunately their methods applied in a strongly centralized state recall that of Baboeuf—making success absolutely impossible by paralyzing the constructive work of the people. And thus a furious, malignant reaction is preparing, which already seeks to organize for a return of the old regime, taking advantage of the general exhaustion in central Russia and of the disorganization of production and exchange inevitable during such a vast revolution brought about by duress.

"There is talk in the west about reestablishing 'order' in Russia through the intervention of an Allied army. Well, dear friend, you know my views regarding the German invasion under cover of a peace treaty and the floods of blood shed to prevent the crushing of Europe under the Kaiser's boot.

"Nevertheless, I protest with all my strength against any sort of armed intervention in Russian affairs by the Allies. The consequence of such an intervention would be an outburst of Russian chauvinism. It would bring us back a chauvinistic monarchy—we have already signs of it—and, mark me well, it would create among the whole Russian people a hostile attitude toward western Europe, an attitude of the most sorrowful consequences. The Americans have sensed that already pretty well.

"Perhaps it is imagined that by supporting Admiral Kolchak and General Denikin a liberal republican party is being sustained. But that is already an error. Whatever the personal views of those two military chiefs may be, the great number of those grouped around them have other objects. Necessarily, what they would bring us would be the return of the monarchy, the reaction, and floods of blood.

"Those of the Allies who see clearly what is going on should repudiate any armed intervention. If they really wish to help Russia there is much to be done in another direction.

"Through the whole immense space of the central and northern provinces lack of bread exists. To get a pound of black bread in Moscow or here in Dimitrov one must pay 25 to 30 rubles. This is the government price for its rations of a quarter pound a person. This is famine in all its consequences. A whole generation starves and they deny us the right to buy bread in the west! Why? Is it to bring us back a Romanoff?

"Everywhere in Russia we lack manufactured commodities. Peasants pay crazy prices for simple agricultural tools, for some nails, a needle, anything. It is worse yet in Ukrainia. No merchandise is to be had at any price.

"Instead of playing the role which Austria, Prussia and Russia were playing in 1793 toward France the Allies ought to do everything toward helping the Russian people in getting out of this terrible situation. Besides, shedding floods of blood to make the Russian people come back to the past—that will not succeed.

"The Allies should help us to create a new future through the elaboration of a new life the outlines of which are already discernible in spite of all. Help us in the necessary constructive work! and send us for that no diplomats or generals, but bread, tools to produce it, organizers of production.

—*Peter Kropotkin.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Four Seas Company, 188 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.: Seances with Carlyle, by Euphemia MacLeod, $1.25; My Rose and Other Poems, by Euphemia MacLeod, $1.25.

Macmillan Co., 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: Why We Fail as Christians, by Robert Hunter, $1.60; Theology as an Empirical Science, by Douglas Clyde Macintosh, Ph.D., $2.00; For Pulpit and Platform, by John Mahan English, $1.25; The Story of George Fox, by Rufus M. Jones, $1.50.

The Atlantic Monthly Press, 41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.: The League of Nations, by Stephen Pierce Duggan, $2.50.

Britton Publishing Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City, N. Y.: America's Tomorrow, by Suell Smith, $2.00.

Robert M. McBride Co., 31 Union Sq. No. N. Y. City, N. Y.: The Convictions of Christopher Sterling, by Harold Begbie.

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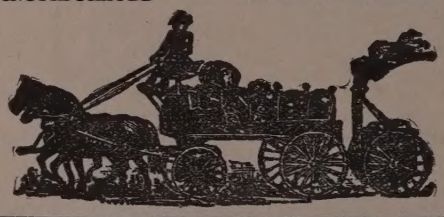

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